

BILL THWEATT PREPS FOR FIRING LINE

Chick Right-Hander Has Offending Teeth Removed and Old Trouble With Pitching Arm Has Disappeared.

BY BOB PIGUE.

Bill Thweatt, Memphis right-handed pitcher, who was an in-and-out in the 1920 campaign, is expecting to be one of the Chick regular hillmen in 1921. Thweatt, who was troubled with a sore pitching arm practically all the year, was unable to show anything except at widely separated intervals, but he believes he has corrected the trouble with his old suppone. Bill had a local physician take an X-ray picture of his teeth, and discovered that this was the seat of his trouble. The offending molars have been removed, and Thweatt says he is sure he will be able to deliver a winning brand of hurling for the Tribe next season.

At times during 1920 Thweatt would look like a million in the bank, but on other occasions he closely resembled a man worth of very little. He never felt "right" all year. On one occasion he pitched a three-hit game, which was the best pitching feat he accomplished during the entire campaign. He suffered from a bad wing throughout the year, but not until he had an X-ray picture made of his teeth did he discover where the trouble was. Now that Bill's infected molars have been removed, he expects to pitch winning ball for the Tribe next season.

PITCHERS NEEDED.

If the Chicks have a look-in at the 1921 season, a pitching staff will be necessary. The lack of competent hurlers has been the bane of the Tribe's season, for there has been no punch in the machine, but defensively, it could not stand the gaff.

Casey Tuer, Hy Powles and Bill Thweatt are the only three hillmen on the Tribe's staff at present, and at least three more good ones will have to be secured if the Chicks are assured a decent showing in the flag campaign.

Pitching is more than half the battle, and without capable work in the box no club, regardless of how great a pitcher it possesses, will ever get anywhere.

Fug Griffin, Chick outfielder, who was turned back by the New York Giants, is still on the reserve list of the Tribe, but he is for sale.

Any Southern league club desiring Fug's services can get them comparatively cheap. He should go good in the Southern next season in any club except Memphis. He said he didn't care to come back here again for reasons already well known to Chick fandom.

JACK'S TIN EAR.

Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion, received \$100,000 as his share of the prize of Monday night's bout with Knickerbocker Bill Brennan, but Jack the Giant Killer would very likely be glad to exchange his hundred thousand iron men for another good left ear.

Dempsey came out of the mill with the cream of every real fighter—a cauliflower ear—and throughout the remainder of his career, all the way down the line until Father Time shifts off the sand supply, Jack will carry this mark of his memorable struggle with Brennan.

Dempsey has always prided himself upon his personal appearance, possessing a clean-cut, well-molded features that made it practically an impossibility for anyone to detect that he was a knight of the padded glove. His manner of dress is more on the order of a fashion plate than a champion glover, but from his regular, twisted bit of gristle that will hereafter mar the champion's otherwise pleasing features.

Ty Cobb is on the fence in the matter of taking over the managerial reins of the Detroit Tigers, due to the fact that it will take two or three years to get the Bengals in shape to contend for the Ban John, and Ty Cobb and Ty Cobb's Great fears he will lose his popularity with the fans unless he delivers the first year.

Tyrus Raymond is a far-seeing individual, and wants to know where he's "at" before jumping in. He knows baseball fans are the most fickle in the world, and unless he is given assurances that he will be awarded a chance this year to make the Tigers into flag contenders, he will pass up the offer and remain private in the ranks.

MOORE TO CHICAGO.

Pal Moore, Memphis bantam, has returned to Chicago with his manager, Nate Lewis.

Pal's next ring appearance will be on Dec. 27 in Toronto, when he will meet Barney Gould (not Google) in 10 rounds.

It will be a benefit fight, the proceeds going to the war relief association of the Canadian city.

If Pete Herman runs out of his proposed match with Joe Lynch, as appears probable now, Moore and Lynch will meet in St. Louis early in 1921.

Moore is anxious to meet Dick Griffin, the fast-stepping Fort Worth bantam, in Memphis, and Promoter Haack is already flitting ahead and it is quite likely that the Moore-Griffin fight will be staged here some time in January.

BRAMER KAYOS EVERITT.

(Special to The News Scimitar.)

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 16.—Harry Brainer, Pacific coast champion, knocked out Stanley Everitt, of Pekin, Ill., here last night in the first round of a scheduled 10-round bout. The boys are bantamweights.

BRINGING UP FATHER—By George McManus

Copyright 1921 by International News Service.



WHAT I THINK OF JACK DEMPSEY

"IN TEST OF SHEER BRUTE POWER THE ODDS WOULD BE ON HIM, BUT I FEEL THAT I WILL TRIUMPH BY BOXING AND FIGHTING."

BY GEORGES CARPENTIER, OF FRANCE

(Written expressly for the International News Service and the London Sunday Express.)

(Copyright, 1920, by International News Service and London Sunday Express.)

LONDON, Dec. 15.—"And I am glad to know you."

This was how Jack Dempsey greeted me when we met to sign articles to fight for the championship of the world. Which was very different from what I had expected and was led to believe. I had pictured Dempsey as a big, roarin' fellow, with little personal charm, intolerant rather, not nice, a stranger in softness and what passes for common courtesies. I had the pleasant discovery that, outside the ring at least, he is just a human, well-ordered young man, softly spoken, extremely pleasant in a quiet, reserved way, and altogether opposite to what I had prepared myself for. At least on 50 occasions, when alone, I had seen him as represented by the film, in his fight with Willard, fierce, vicious, terrible, merciless, punching into helplessness, the heaviest, heaviest man I have ever seen.

That was the only Dempsey I knew until I met and spoke to him a few short days ago. My opponents have been many and of a widely different stamp. Bombardier Wells, almost effeminate; Billy Page and Frank Klaus, cruel, without imagination, just fighting men; Jeanette, a black man, who in his nature is white; Gunboat Smith, conceited, reckless of speech; Joe Beckett, good, honest, strong; Levinson, with a jaw of iron and immensely courageous; but never a fighting man like Dempsey. I believe there is, as there surely is in all of us, but he is not the monster he has been represented to be. Rather, he would I think, be a mis- understood; for he has a mind, a soul and an intense liking for life that is not of the ring.

When we came to the contract—the most voluminous that has ever concerned two pugilists it is made up of 18 crowded folios which I, personally, found the utmost difficulty in digesting and understanding.—Dempsey had no questions to ask. Like myself he had sickened because of the long-drawn-out negotiations, and the match was definitely made in a few minutes. Then it was that he gripped me heartily by the hand and took me on one side to chat about things far removed from the hammering and butchering business this fight is expected to be. We did not talk one word of fight; we were just two ordinary business men with many ideas in common. I do not think, by the way, that we shall meet in the ring before the first week of next July.

Dempsey Looks Boyish.

In appearance Dempsey, who is 18 months younger than myself,

looks like an unusually big and strong lad. I was surprised at his boyishness, and he has the ways of a boy. I should say that he has no liking for fuss and ceremony, and he is not given to boasting and bragging. There is nothing of the swagger about Dempsey, and I am certain that he has been misrepresented by the exaggeration which, all too often, creeps into the boxing columns of his country's newspapers. Neither do I think he is a party to the thrumming of the big drum which is thought necessary to impress upon the world that he is the greatest pugilist ever reared by his country.

No Self-Advertiser.

This is what I would call my pen picture of him: Complexion, dark; face, strong and rugged, without being brutal; general physical makeup, as nearly perfect as possible. He carries himself easily; there is much spring in his walk. His face, which although not finely chiseled, is not like that of Beckett, as you would perhaps imagine it to be from the published photographs of him. It advertises tenaciousness and determination, yet when he allows a smile to play about it it is almost a kind, sympathetic face. Certainly it is an arresting and engaging face.

There is much about Dempsey that would cause you to pick him out of the crowd; he is so obviously powerful and serious and fit—he is not of the Broadway, so far as he is concerned, a healthy, natural man, who, by ready assimilation of what he has seen and heard and read, has more than average intelligence. He does not talk a great deal; when he does talk he reveals the practical, common-sense mind. His belief in himself is supreme, but the success he has won in the hardest school a man can pass through justifies that belief. Any man who can win first place in the American school of fighting must be conscious of his greatness, and he must be a believer in himself. But Dempsey is no advertiser of himself, and when I left him he swore that we were pals.

A Young Man in a Hurry.

It would never be dreamed that Dempsey was highly strung, that he had nerves. But of this I am certain. He does not beat himself into fidgetiness as does Bombardier Wells; neither is he a man who fumbles as does Beckett; but he has the high-strung temper of the champion. He is a young man in a hurry; he must rush and tear; that which he embarks upon he must do quickly, and it is this weakness, he is skittering that has heightened my confidence that when we meet I shall take from him the world's title.

I would explain. One of the first things he ventured upon after making the match was a proposition that we should have a game of golf. I pleaded that my game was very

poor. He was impatient; he would not listen. I had got to play. So we went to the links. If he made an indifferent shot his calmness would leave him; plainly did I see that if he had difficulty in doing any one given thing he would get rattled and rattled, and as I followed and studied him closely I threw my mind back to the picture of his fight with Willard, which I had seen so many times.

In that contest he had Willard in extremis almost right away, and when he saw that he had not finished him completely in the first round he was all raging fire; mad because he could not do that which he realized was easy to do—knock out Willard, who had no sort of defense and whose chief virtue was his immense size.

Discovers Jack's Weakness.

Dempsey beat me easily at golf. I was nowhere, but although he must have known that he was very much my master, he developed irritability and not a little wildness when he made shots which he considered were not worthy of him. I formed the impression that if things did not go his way his balance is uncertain, and I must confess that the discovery gave me much pleasure.

I know precisely what I shall be up against when I get into the ring with him. We shall still be the pals we were on the links, but with Dempsey, as with myself, it will be a fight to the last gasp. He will come for me with the same aggressiveness as he entered into the game of golf; he will push and tear; he will feel that he is strong; he will try for victory with a furious haste.

Dempsey, if I understand him rightly, will gamble his all on his splendid power. As for myself—well, I have a feeling that I will be able, as I did against your English champion, Beckett. It is not I who will insist upon strength against strength, for I am free to admit that in a test of sheer brute power the odds would be on Dempsey. I shall seek to make a happy combination of boxing and fighting, and if I succeed in doing this I shall bring home to my country the championship of the world, and I shall have realized the greatest ambition of my life.

Explains the Contract.

This in conclusion: The exact amount of the purse is \$500,000; Dempsey is to get three-fifths and myself the remaining two. Mr. Robert Edgren, the well-known American boxing writer, is to nominate the referee and judges. I am not barred from the fight, and I shall be free to meet Dempsey, but at the moment I do not intend to have anything more serious than a small affair at Morristown, Tenn., where I have worked very hard since I returned to civilian life, and entre nous I am at present most concerned with my journalistic duties as an "interesting family event."

SAYS DEMPSEY LET BILL STAY

Popular Solution of Heavy Go Is That Jack Could Have Stopped It Earlier.

BY JACK VEOCK, (International News Service Sporting Editor.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—Alexander wept when there were no more fields for him to conquer. Jack Dempsey applied Twentieth century methods to a situation similar to that faced by the famous conqueror of ancient history.

He set about creating new fields, and thereby outwitted Alexander. This is the popular solution today to the Dempsey-Brennan mystery.

In short, it was good business for Dempsey to knock out Handsome Bill in 12 rounds, whereas a three-round knockout would have been bad business for a number of very plausible reasons.

Having defeated every heavyweight of class on this side of the Atlantic, Dempsey was faced with the prospect of long periods of idleness. And no one gets paid for being idle, not even a champion.

Therefore encourage the talent. Why wasn't it good business to give the crowd at Madison Square Garden just what it wanted—a knockout and a run for its money?

Dempsey gave the crowd both and at the same time made the moving picture show a bonanza. The Chicago pictures will be worth a fortune in New York state alone, and abroad they will be worth many thousands of dollars because the fight fans of Europe are eager to see Dempsey in action.

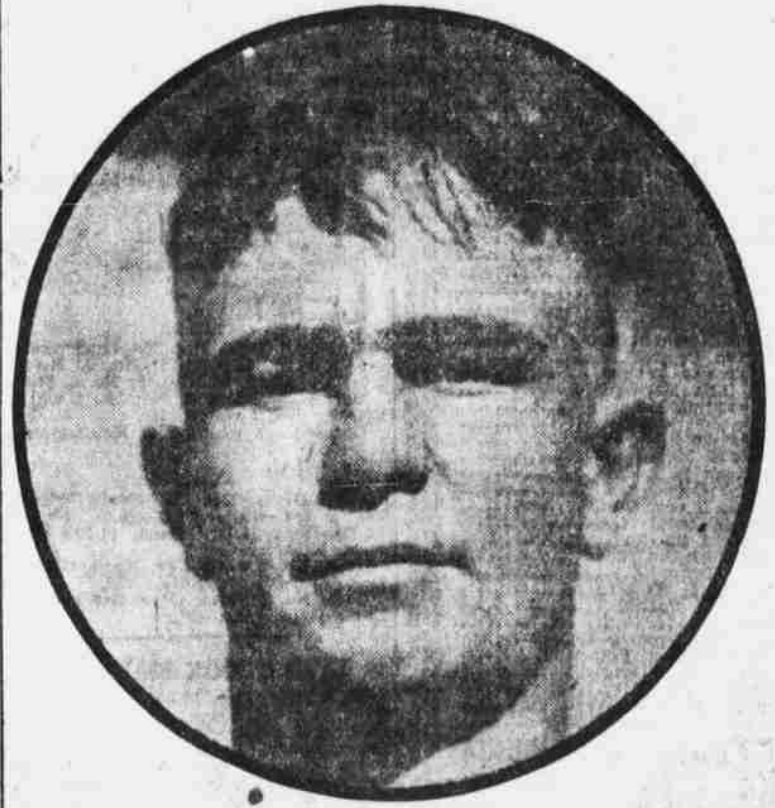
Meanwhile no one is taking anything away from Brennan. He is freely admitted that the Chicago batter put up the best fight of his career and he proved himself one of the ruggedest heavyweights extant by assimilating a mighty stout beating.

HUGHES BEATS DONLEY.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Dec. 15.—Bobby Hughes, Fort Worth, easily defeated Joe Donley, of Newark, N. J., in a 10-round bout here last night.

BURGESS GETS IN SHAPE

MEETS ROTH MONDAY



BATTLING BURGESS.

A battle well worth witnessing he going to result when Battling Burgess, the Arkansas Wildcat, meets Kid Roth, a home-grown lightweight, in an eight-round bout at the Southern A. C. next Monday night. Burgess has been training all week in anticipation of the mill, and will be in great shape, as will Roth, who is also working out daily at the local glove shop. In addition to the Burgess-Roth mill, there will be an eight-rounder between Young Jack Dempsey and Johnny Leonard. There will be a six-rounder and a four-rounder as preliminaries.

Dempsey Not Himself In Bout With Brennan

Experts Agree That the Champion Was Off His Feed and That Odds Will Be Higher on Coming Fights.

BY TAD, (Famous Cartoonist and Sport Writer.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—Now that the fans have had a breathing spell and who's this has met who's this, the Dempsey-Brennan match has simmered down to this: Dempsey was not himself. Jack Keane, after the fight, smilingly remarked that Dempsey's poor showing would make the odds on coming fights better. Jack said something.

Today any number of fight followers give you the laugh as you mention the champion's name and say: "Wait 'till Willard or Carpenter get that guy."

That may be so, men, but WAIT. The next time you see Jack Dempsey he will probably be himself. He will be the slugger, fearless, pitiless

mickey SHANNON'S DEATH ACCIDENTAL

BRAVES TO GALVESTON.

GALVESTON, Tex., Dec. 16.—The Boston Nationals will train here next spring.

Sorter Reminds Us Of a Little Kid Sticking Out His Tongue!

The clothing trend is again towards Phil A. Halle!

The college and prep school men who know and wear only Phil A. Halle smart, trim fitting, soft roll, no padding in the shoulder suits, overcoats and dress clothes never left us—but other chaps in this section of the South were puzzled.

Every regular clothing store tried to discount the other but we are the only togger shop that announced a price revision that has tried to out-quality every regular ready-made clothier and custom tailor hereabouts.

And we're glad to say that we are placing orders ahead for real Phil A. Halle fabrics—confident in the fact that—wonderful imported wools—of exclusive patterns—hand tailored into distinctive toggerly will appeal to particular dressers.

Revised Prices

\$36, \$44, \$52, \$60, \$64, \$68

Three Expert Fitters in Constant Attendance

Yours for personal service,

Phil A. Halle

Exchange Building.

Johnston & Murphy Footwear, \$13.50, \$15.00, \$18.50

Knox, Dobbs, Borsalino Headwear, \$5.95 to \$12.95

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention

Georges Floored When Nursie Says, "It's A Girl"

PARIS, Dec. 16.—A daughter was born yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Georges Carpentier. The champion admitted that he was somewhat disappointed, as he had hoped for a boy, but added cheerily: "I will make a champion tennis player of her."

OFFICIAL GEORGIA TECH SCHEDULE

(By International News Service.) ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 16.—The following is the first official announcement of the Georgia Tech 1921 football schedule.

Sept. 26—Wake Forest in Atlanta. Oct. 1—Oglethorpe in Atlanta. Oct. 8—Duke in Atlanta. Oct. 15—Purdue in Atlanta. Oct. 22—Notre Dame in Atlanta. Oct. 29—Pennsylvania State in New York city.

Nov. 5—Clemson in Atlanta. Nov. 12—Georgetown in Atlanta. Nov. 19—Permanently open. Nov. 24—Auburn in Atlanta.

REEVES STOPS CALDWELL.

DALLAS, Tex., Dec. 16.—Jack Reeves, of San Francisco, knocked out Walter Caldwell, of Columbus, O., in the seventh round of a scheduled 10-round boxing exhibition here last night. They are middleweights.

RIVERSIDE WINS.

The Riverside girls' basketball team defeated the A. B. Hill girls in a good game by the score of 20 to 4.

Gloves-Gloves-Gloves-Gloves

For His Christmas Gift

Always Acceptable—Always Please

Especially if they are Perrin's, the master glove maker of all times.

Capes in brown, gray, black.

Buckskin in gray and the new snuff color.

Mocha in gray and brown.

Silk lined, wool lined, fur lined, unlined.

Sewed with the Rip-proof Stitch that lasts forever.

We recommend them highly.

BEASLEY, Inc.

It Pays to Buy Our Kind 99 South Main St.

"You Tell 'Em Boxing Glove—You've Got the Punch!"

That's what a delighted kid pulled after he had been presented with a set of cracker-jack mitts for his Christmas!

His Dad, however, said that our "20% off on athletic goods was the best punch of the season. Landed where it did the most good—on the pocket-book!"

Football, Basketballs, Volley and Soccer Balls, Punching Bags, Boxing Gloves, Gym Shoes and Clothing! Golf Clubs and Bags!

Think of the best Basketball made for \$16.00! Or Football for \$9.50. The supply isn't going to go round—we can see that sticking out now! But while the going is good—it still goes—

20% Off On Athletic Goods

BUCKINGHAM-ENSLEY-CARRIGAN COMPANY

8-North Main Street-8 Memphis, Tenn.

The Sporting Goods House of "Been There" Service

Mail Orders Promptly Filled Best Guaranteed Gun Repair Shop